

# AN ORATION,

DELIVERED EXTEMPORE, BY THE

REV. LEWIS HALSEY TERRILL, A. M.,

JULY 5, A. D. 1858,

AT

PISCATAWAY, NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK,

NEW JERSEY.



NEW YORK:

FRENCH & WHEAT, PRINTERS, No. 18 ANN STREET.

1858.

# ORATION.

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FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

We have assembled to commemorate that ever memorable 4th of July, 1776, when our forefathers, inspired with the love of liberty, dared to divest themselves from the shackles of tyranny and oppression.

It is this day eighty-two years, since the thirteen stripes were hoisted on the standard of Liberty, as a signal of their unity with a determination to fight under them until America should be numbered among the nations of the earth, a free and independent nation.

This great event, so important in the annals of the world, receives additional interest from the continued zeal manifested by all classes of the community in its celebration. On every periodical return, the same enthusiasm, the same aspiring joy penetrates every heart, and illumines every countenance.

All classes unite to express their feelings on this momentous occasion.

Venerable age imparts dignity and solemnity to the scene, which youth and beauty enliven and adorn.

There is scarcely an individual entitled to the name of American, either by birth or adoption, whose heart is not warmed by the general glow diffused upon the return of this memorable day.

The managers of the present solemnities, and the audience here assembled, evidence the truth of these observations.

Without regard to party distinctions, and animated by one great and disinterested sentiment, namely, to perpetuate the remem-

brance of this day, you have assembled here to unite in solemn adoration of our great protector. To read the declaration of our rights, and to listen to the address of the speaker of the day.

We will not interrupt the harmony manifested on this occasion, by a loud, boisterous, unmeaning declamation, nor by a strain of idle invective against the nation whose fetters our fathers broke; nor enter upon a partial enumeration of the faults of our government, nor shallow predictions of the ruin of our country; but be it our part, on this proud day, to indulge in reflections of a higher and more profitable cast. A brief sketch of the causes that led to our separation from the mother country—the free institutions of our mighty republic—our situation strongly contrasted with many others—sympathies for the patriotic efforts now making throughout the world—the best means of preserving our rights unimpaired, all afford topics of observation and magnitude of interest enough to attract our observation.

On such an occasion as this, it is good to lay aside the tamer habits of thinking, and indulge the finer feelings of the heart.

It is good to transport ourselves back to those days when our fathers and our country were enveloped in gloom. The mind enjoys a pleasing, but melancholy satisfaction, as it recounts the exploits of the Senate and the field, as in imagination it listens to the thundering of patriotic eloquence in the cradle of liberty, or to the more awful thunderings of cannon of the battle-field.

Such reflections are useful. A vivid conception of the scenes of that day when our independence was declared, is calculated to awaken the nobler feelings of the soul, and if rightly improved, make us wiser and better. A full sense of the sufferings of our fathers, and of those who poured out their blood for liberty, will teach us to value more highly the heritage they bequeathed to us. In such feelings and reflections we should love to indulge. We would love, did time permit, to go with you in fancy to Bunker's Hill and Saratoga, and fight over the battles of the Revolution.

We should love to go with you to the council chamber, and bring out before you our Washingtons and Adamses, Hancocks

and Jeffersons, (venerable men,) and exhibit to you the firmness and anxiety of their souls.

But while we commemorate the illustrious era of our freedom, let us first notice the once flourishing nations of antiquity.

Though the ancient people of Greece and Rome are now slumbering in their graves, and their countries lie buried in ignorance and ruins, still their histories afford important lessons of instruction. In the histories of these nations we see the origin, progress, and effects of liberty. Here the principle was first planted, here it grew and flourished. It aroused man from that state of lethargy in which he had slept for ages. The elastic powers of his mind received a spring which expanded with the growth of freedom. The arts and sciences advanced to perfection with a rapidity truly astonishing. It excited a spirit of emulation among the people. At the sound of the Roman and Grecian name, the surrounding nations were filled with terror. Their Generals have ever been admired for their patriotism and courage. Their philosophers and statesmen have ever been considered as prodigies of genius and learning. But these nations are no more. Their glory and splendor could not resist the inevitable fate of empires.

Discord and luxury, the bane of all republican governments, drove away every vestige of patriotic virtue, sapped the pillars of liberty, and destroyed it forever.

Vice and folly, usurping the thrones of wisdom and virtue, have hurled the most renowned nations of antiquity from the scene of glory, and gradually laid them in one promiscuous ruin.

After the fall of the Grecian and Roman republics, freedom left the world. From the 5th to the 16th century, we find nothing in the history of man but ignorance, superstition and contention.

The whole face of nature was veiled in an impervious gloom. The germ of liberty found no soil congenial to its nature, in this age of barbarism and darkness.

If we take a view of mankind since the revival of learning, nothing in the old world presents itself to our view, but a scene of tyranny, ambition and war.

However conspicuous the nations of Europe may be on the catalogue of literary fame, they have never enjoyed that freedom which is the grand basis of human happiness. That man was made to enjoy his liberty is a plain and undeniable truth. Although he was created free and equal, the most abject slavery, (with but few exceptions,) has ever been the lot of a part of the human race. The many have ever been subject to a few, and the strong governed by the weak. Whence is it that man has been degraded beneath the dignity of his nature? whence is it that in every age man has been the sport and derision of his fellow man? Has he always been forgetful of his chief good? has voluntary slavery been his choice? or has some infernal demon, by the power of magic and fascination, lulled him into senseless stupidity? Whatever may have been the cause of slavery, it has ever been more or less the lot of the human race.

Ask yourselves, fellow citizens, what brought our ancestors to this western country? What compelled them to leave their homes, families and friends, and dear native land, to encounter the perils of a boisterous ocean, and the dangers of a savage wilderness? What forced them to leave the society of civilized men, for that of untutored savages? Was it the gold that glittered on the hills and mountains of this western world? Was it a thirst for fame and military glory? No! no! it was the love of liberty, and a detestation of slavery, that impelled them to the uncultivated regions of American woods. Hunted down by the bloody hand of persecution, in their own native land, they left their homes to find a place of rest in the far West.

In settling on the rude face of nature, they had everything to experience that could exercise their patience, or try their fortitude. Hunger and cold, disease and death, were their constant companions. In this condition, instead of friends to extend to them the healing balm of consolation, they were surrounded by a savage foe, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child. At the dead hour of night they were often aroused from their slumbers by the screams and screeches of dying friends, or more fiendish yells of savage joy. Filled with the

love of liberty and religion, they supported every trial with unparalleled resolution. A prospect of exemption from the slavish shackles of despotic tyrants plucked the sting from every pain and diminished every danger. They viewed the splendor of kings, the pride and pomp of bishops, and church hierarchy, as opposed to the pure and simple spirit of religion. Their religious sufferings at home led them to believe that tyranny in Church and State was contrary to justice, reason and nature. The enjoyment of civil and religious liberty they considered an ample compensation for every trial. With these views our ancestors left their native land.

Here they found no lordly master to wrest from them their small earnings of industry; no superstitious clergy to hold their minds in bondage, but free from that civil and ecclesiastical tyranny which for centuries had fettered the world, they enjoyed the fruits of their labor without any to molest or make them afraid.

In a country so congenial to the moral and physical constitution of Man, there was a rapid increase of wealth and population; here exiled freedom found her only refuge. The poor and oppressed of every nation flocked to America; here they found an asylum; here the genial rays of science began to dawn upon the mind and dispel the mist of ignorance and superstition. Reason and free inquiry began to chase from society religious and political error.

America thus rapidly increasing in freedom and wealth, population and science, excited in the breast of Britain, the malignant spirit of envy. She beheld with a jealous eye, the growing greatness of America. She could not stand unmoved at the sight of her happiness. She intended to reduce the people of this country to a state of unlimited subjugation; she did not mean to effect this at once; she knew it to be impossible, and therefore impolitic. But she designed by gradual and imperceptible means to reduce Americans to a condition of the most absolute dependence and slavery. She used every means to suppress the rising glory of America, cramp the genius of her sons, and keep them in a state of constant inferiority.

The numerous wars Britain had ever carried on with her neighboring nations, involved her in an amazing debt of several hundred millions. While the English ministry were digesting plans to diminish this debt, to support their pomp, splendor and crimes, she conceived the plan of raising a substantial revenue in America. For the purpose of raising the contemplated revenue, that infamous act was passed by parliament, called the stamp act.

The eyes of Americans were now opened to see the blow which struck their liberties at the root. They now saw the inconsistency of taxation without representation. They viewed the stamp act with the contempt it deserved. They knew that nations as well as individuals have a strong propensity to impose on others when they can do it with impunity, and at the same time with advantage to themselves. Americans believed they had a right to tax themselves, and therefore exhibited every mark of opposition to foreign taxation. The infamous conduct of Britain to establish a revenue in America was the cause of that bloody war that severed the United States from the mother country.

The possessions of Britain in every part of the world were an empire insufficient for the domination of slavery; her ambition, insatiable as death, has with relentless fury marched over the earth in quest of prey.

She crossed the briny ocean with her mercenary ruffians, invaded the shores of the freeborn sons of America; she shook her sordid chains of slavery over the sons of this free and happy country, but, thank Heaven, she shook them in vain; the hostile fleets and armies of Britain did not frighten the undisciplined troops of America. No; neither the thunder of their artillery, nor the glitter of their bristling bayonets, nor their veteran legions, dampened the patriotic ardor that glowed in the bosom of Columbia's sons. They met without dismay the combined forces of a nation whose navy whiten every sea, and spread terror and conquest throughout the world.

Animated with the instinctive love of liberty, our American fathers left the soft endearments of domestic life, and marched

to the field of war. Here commenced the most glorious struggle recorded in the annals of the world.

To see the mother lifting the sword of vengeance against her innocent and obedient children, must have aroused the indignation of man and excited the astonishment of the world.

Oh! could angels weep, such an inhuman spectacle must have wrung tears from their eyes. Nature herself must have frowned, stood aghast and turned pale at the sight.

This was a time that tried men's souls. This was the time to determine whether America should be governed by kings or people. This was the all important crisis that must decide forever the fate of America; this was the time to determine whether Americans should be freemen or slaves forever. The plains of Lexington and Bunker's awful height, drenched in the blood of slaughtered Americans will stand as an eternal monument to the truth of this assertion. Here Columbia's illustrious sons, fired with the love of liberty, poured out their lives to satiate the accursed ambition of tyrants. Here was the opening scene of royal cruelty in the United States. It marched with hasty strides. Our populous cities and towns were wrapped in flames; our churches and shrines violated; our fields laid waste; our houses plundered and desolation and death spread over every part of inhabited America. Our ears were stunned with the roar of cannon and the clash of arms. They were wounded with the groans of murdered friends. How often did heaven witness fields of battle covered with the slain and crimsoned with the blood of Columbia's proudest sons? How often did it witness widows drowned in tears for the death of their only companions, and mothers mourning over their darling sons, who had fallen in their country's cause, and would not be comforted because they were not? How often did the cries and groans of orphans ascend up as a memorial before God? The mingled emotions of 3,000,000 of people, at a time when slavery or death hung hovering on every side, surpass description and baffle the boldest conception of the imagination. They flew to arms and pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor they would achieve their independence or gloriously die in the contest. Their watchword was, "Give me liberty or give me death." ! !



They were often in want of the necessities of life, without food or clothing; no couch on which to lay their wearied limbs but the cold earth; no pillow save the hard and flinty rock; no covering save the canopy of heaven; they marched through the rain and sleet, through summer's heat and winter's cold. Torrents of blood were spilt, towns and villages burnt, immense treasure exhausted, and nothing but havoc, destruction and devastation was seen from one end of the continent to the other. Thus, we see what it cost to procure liberty. It cost an immense sum, not only millions of silver and gold, but the precious blood of our forefathers. Anything purchased at a great expense is precious, and should not our liberty, which was bought at such an immense sum, be highly esteemed. Such is but a faint description of the sufferings our fathers endured in the noble cause of freedom, but they suffered not in vain. After a bloody contest of eight successive years they obtained the liberty we now enjoy.

What has been the result? The Revolution brought us equal laws and equal rights, founded on a Constitution, the best in the world. This mighty basis of our freedom, firm as a rock, has stood the test for many years; no enemies have been able to move it. It is the rallying point of liberty. Destroy it and we are undone, preserve it, and no proud despot can harm us. The wise and great of other nations admire and venerate this splendid work of a free people, concentrated to the best interests of the human race. They behold a government resting on a foundation under whose dotting care a mighty empire reposes in security, and the influence of whose example has contributed much to weaken the power of tyrants throughout the world.

Our laws are impartial and salutary, the influence of which extend alike to the rich and poor, to the great and humble. Our officers and magistrates are chosen by the people, thereby giving no hopes to the wiles of ambition, all of which combine to form, in simplicity and strength, a government the noblest production of human genius.

As a consequence of this wise and solid arrangement, we behold throughout our wide extended country and patriotic and peaceful people, a spirit of industry and enterprise pervading

every class of the community. Agriculture and manufactures are rapidly increasing, commerce brings to our doors the produce of every clime, our vessels navigate every sea, the produce of our country is carried to every quarter of the globe, our commerce spreads her canvass to every breeze, the star spangled banner waves in every clime, and the proud eagle of America soars aloft on every ocean.

Our forefathers endured sufferings and surmounted obstacles which seem more like pictures of the imagination than realities. But theirs was a courage high and manly, that held on its way, though death opposed at every step. Schooled in adversity, they had learned not to judge of the future by present sufferings, but to look forward to brighter and more glorious prospects, though long the conflict and desperate the struggle. Their difficulties served only to increase their industry and strengthen their fortitude, and to conduct them to greater prosperity at last. Soon the dark forest vanishes before them like mist before the mid-day sun. The dreary and lonesome woods, where once the wolf and panther prowled, are now transformed into beautiful meadows, where the lambkins sport, and the birds warble their tuneful notes. Where the untutored savage once chased the panting deer, are now seen the habitations of civilized and enlightened men; the places where once the Indian war-whoop rung, now resound with songs of prayer and praise. No selfish motives influenced them; they did not, like the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, penetrate the earth for getting gold, or wring it from the grasp of ignorant natives. They were not prompted by ambitious leaders to acts of more than savage barbarity. For them no unfortunate Indian dragged out his life in slavery. They made not idolatry a pretence for destroying its votaries by thousands, or seizing with impious hands upon their treasures and country. Peace was their motto and the Bible their standard—from this they learned to treat all men as brethren, and to extend the hand of friendship to the red as well as the white man. With prophetic vision they looked down through the long mist of time, and discovered they were to be the founders of a great and powerful nation.

The blessings of education, too, are widely and generally diffused throughout our land; ignorance fast retreats before the progress of science, which pours in its rapid tide through every part of the country; open to all are the paths of science—every State has its schools and colleges.

Even the wild and lawless Indian in the deep recesses of his native forest hears the voice of instruction, and exchanges his arrows, tomahawk and scalping knife for the implements of civilised life.

Ignorance is the hot-bed of tyranny and despotism; it is their only lurking place. Dispel it and the hosts of tyrants who have so long enslaved the world will fly from society as owls to the desert at the approach of day. It is ignorance that has chained the old world in eternal bondage, and sunk man beneath the level of the beast of the forest.

An enlightened people can never be made slaves; they will feel their own importance in the scale of being; they will see own rights and defend them with their blood; they will be governed by reason and not by force; they will be jealous of their liberties, and watch with an eagle eye the conduct of their rulers. When a people neglect the education of their children, their rights and liberties will be equally neglected, unthought of, unforgotten.

While knowledge flourished in Greece and Rome, so long did their liberties and republic flourish; but no sooner was it neglected, than they began to decay, and all expired together.

When we reflect that the stupendous fabric of our freedom is erected on the basis of knowledge, and will stand or fall with that, how loudly are we called upon as citizens, as patriots, and as men, to be active in the cause of education.

Religion here flourishes. The people of the United States have made the happy experiment that true religion will flourish best on its own immutable basis, unassisted by the civil power. The affairs of Church and State are not here, as in other countries, united and blended together—we have in this country no Church and State union. Thus, worshipping God according to the dictates of reason and conscience, if not more agreeable to truth, is certainly more consistent with sincerity. Though the

shepherds here are not so highly fed nor so richly clad in gorgeous robes as where they have an established religion, but we believe our respective flocks are fed with more sumptuous fare.

But, fellow-citizens, as is solemnly due at such a time, let us recall for a few moments the memory of days that are past, and offer the tribute of gratitude to the heroes and sages who sealed with their blood the charter of our rights, or survived the dangers of the dreadful struggle, to perfect by their wisdom the mighty plan which they had devised. How do our hearts thrill at the mention of such a theme ! Immediately we are led to the commencement of our national existence. We imagine in all their force the realities of that momentous period when our country was severed from her political mother.

The violence of the times, the heat and struggle that ensued, are present to our fancy, and we call up characters and scenes the most noble and interesting the world ever knew. We dwell with enthusiasm on the memory of a hero the most renowned in history, who, with prudence and perseverance, the combined efforts of consummate wisdom and valor, led an oppressed people to victory and glory. Sacred to all be the name of George Washington ! At that name let every heart expand, and every tongue declare its obligations !

He seems to have been sent as a special gift from Heaven, to guide us through the perils of the Revolution, when disaster and defeat hung a gloom over our land ; when the valiant were dismayed, and the vigorous arm was paralyzed ; Washington did not despair when resistance seemed useless, and destruction seemed inevitable. Washington, inspired by the God who had so often guarded him amid the artillery of battle, with almost superhuman energy, braved the storm, and pointed his desponding followers to victory and rest. His soul was as steady in the moment of triumph as it had been in the hour of danger, and when the victory was won, and the foe had retreated from our shores, he resisted the temptations to power, and retired from the panoply of war and the control of armies, to the walks of private life. He put forth all his energies to establish a government which, while it should secure us from the encroachments

of tyranny, should also preserve us from the lawlessness of a licentious liberty.

Illustrious man ! The halo of glory that encircled thy brow was only surpassed by the splendor of thy virtues. But in this review of the past, we must not forget the mighty men who bled in the conflict, and who shared with the great chieftain his dangers, his toils and his victories. On Bunker's Mount, the patriot Warren fell. On the heights of Quebec, the undaunted Montgomery found a hero's death ; at Princeton, the gallant Mercer ; a long list of worthies swell the catalogue. The names of Morgan, Putnam, Wayne, Gates, Clinton, Greene and Stark, are familiar to you all.

They valiantly dared the horrors of the fight for our sakes. In the din of battle, amidst blood and carnage, they were unmoved. The triumphs of Lexington, Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, Bennington, Monmouth, Trenton, Princeton, Eutaw and Yorktown, are among the splendid results of their unflinching courage. In the dark hour of affliction, when our national bark was tossed by the raging tempest upon an ocean of danger, with the pilot's wary eye they watched the slackening of the storm and guided the vessel to a haven of safety. Such were the heroes and sages of the Revolution—a bright constellation ; may their names be handed down first on the rolls of fame, as an example for succeeding generations, and on every anniversary of our Independence, their character and their history should be remembered by all with the deepest feelings of gratitude ; and cold must be that heart, devoid of patriotism must be that soul, that does not glow at the recital of their great and excellent deeds, nor respond to the tribute of veneration which is paid to their memory. For us they labored, for us they suffered and bled, and what an abundant harvest do we reap after all their toil.

And now, fellow-citizens : Look around you and behold your fields gilded by the yellow harvest, our country at peace with all the world, our vast people enjoying civil and religious rights in their fullest extent. And at this very moment, whilst some nations are experiencing the ills of arbitrary government, subjected to the caprice and rod of a master, whose will is law and

whose frown is death ; whilst tyrants are wading to empire through seas of blood, and nations struggling to achieve or maintain their independence ; we have assembled together on this proud day to celebrate the achievement of our nation's birth, and to rejoice in the possession of civil and religious liberty. No tyrant controls our wills. No petty lordling riots on our spoils. No hired bayonets compel our homage or frighten us into silence ; but unmolested, unrestrained, we rally around the ensigns of our liberty, and hail with joy the auspicious birth-day of America. And in gratitude we should adore the goodness of that Being whose eye measures the universe, and whose bountiful hand imparts to us all these blessings in endless profusion.

Uniting in the celebration of this day, we are happy to behold a remnant of that illustrious band of patriots, who, despising danger and death, determined to be free or gloriously die in the contest. Ask the old American soldier, whose locks are bleached in the storms of war, and whose limbs are checkered with the scars of battles, and he will tell you the price of freedom. Your heads are silvered with age, your brows are furrowed with the cares of many winters, your countenances beam with inexpressible delight. Our joys are increased by your presence, our raptures are heightened by your participation. Those feelings that inspired you in the times that tried men's souls are commemorated to our bosoms. We catch the divine spirit, that heavenly breeze which impelled you, our fathers, to bid defiance to a congregated host of despots. We swear to preserve inviolate, the blessings you toiled to gain, and the dear bought birthright you bequeathed to us, and which you obtained for us by the incessant labors of eight successive years to transmit to posterity, our rights undiminished, our honor untarnished, and our freedom unimpaired.

Ye grey haired patriots ! May we profit by the lesson you have taught us ; and oh ! whilst strength remains, join with us still to animate us to love our country, and the birthright you have won for us, and when you shall bid adieu to this earthly stage on which you have acted so conspicuous a part, your eyes closed in death, and the last throb of your heart shall have

ceased forever, may you obtain beyond this transitory scene, the prize immortal from the patriots' and the Christians' God.

Whilst we recite the renowned exploits of our ancestors and the prosperity of our country, far be it from us to pass by unnoticed by the *fair sex*.

When I survey the audience before me, and behold every where around, so much of female worth and loveliness, such a display of youthful charms, so much of *matron grace*, that I cannot resist the opportunity afforded me of offering a few remarks to the fair daughters of Columbia, assembled here on this occasion. In every enlightened nation, the female sex have exercised a powerful influence, and not without reason; for independent of the ascendancy they acquire by the charms of beauty, on numberless occasions they have evinced a magnanimity and virtue worthy of imitation by the stronger sex.

The sacred fire of patriotism was first kindled in the bosoms of our mothers. Among the articles of consumption in the United States, our mothers were taxed for the tea they drank—vessels loaded with that article were sent across the briny ocean and entered Boston harbor. Our Bostonian mothers, stimulated their husbands, brothers and sons to go on board of the ships and cast the tea overboard into the sea. Our mothers from the great Bay State to Georgia, caught the same spirit, and they resolved they would not drink tea at the expense of the freedom of us, their children. Yes, our mothers resolved they would be *cold water women* rather than by drinking tea they should be the means of riveting the chains of slavery on us, their posterity.

How many instances of female heroism are recorded in history—to enumerate them would be impossible, and at present unnecessary.

Rome, the proud mistress of the world, was more than once rescued from destruction by the virtue and valor of her women. We find in the sacred Scriptures that at a time when the people of God were borne down the iron hand of Sisera, when the mighty oppression had broken their spirits and wasted their strength, a woman's voice roused them from their apathy, and

divinely impelled, a woman's arm accomplished their deliverance.

But let us for a moment follow her to the domestic circle and the walks of private life, and declare her influence in training the infant mind to future usefulness and distinction. The mother's influence is great indeed, in tender life the strongest impressions are made. Many a Christian has been taught the first lessons of piety in a mother's lap. Many a statesman has exhibited the first dawns of powerful intellect under maternal instruction, and full many a hero has heard the first lessons of glory from a woman's lips.

Few of us are so callous to the finer feelings of humanity, that we do not feel strong emotions of gratitude and love for the mother who gave us birth, who watched over us in our infancy, who taught us to lisp the first sound of speech, and first prayer to Heaven; and who administered with untired solicitude to all our wants; whose doting care and fond anxiety forsakes us not when the years of childhood have passed away, and approaching manhood warned us of separation.

My fellow-soldiers in arms—permit me also to address you on this momentous occasion. You have often listened with rapture to the story of our emancipation. You have often congratulated yourselves on the advantages of your birth, and your spirits are roused and your breasts glow with enthusiasm on an occasion so joyous as the present. Your martial appearance gives animation and interest to the scene. Happy youth!

The halcyon season of life is yours—the blood runs wanton in your veins, and golden beams of success play about your fan. But the visions of youth will not always last. The day is fast approaching when the magic scene that surrounds you will fade from your sight, when pleasure will be supplanted by care, and gaiety by reflection. In a nation like ours, every man should be ready to serve his country in the field. The free born sons of America should know how to wield the weapons of warfare, so that whenever foes attack or dangers threaten, we may be prepared to meet violence with violence, and blow with blow.



Painful as is the fact it is no less true, that in the present state of mankind, so bad and depraved is the human heart, that wars are inevitable, and we know not how soon we may be summoned to buckle on the armor of defense, and repel by force, aggression upon our rights; for such a season, you, my friends, as well as all the patriotic corps throughout our country, should qualify yourselves to act. Then the swords which now repose in the peaceful scabbard will glitter in the sunbeam, and descend with unerring aim upon embattled enemies. Then the martial music which this day delights our ears and thrills through our frames, will sound the dreadful charge, and lend its notes to heighten the maddening peal of battle. For the mighty revolutions that will probably burst upon us, it behoves us to prepare. The world will finally be free. It may be by blood. It probably will be by blood.

But it will be free. The movements on the Eastern Continent during the present century, betoken a stirring of the elements, and foretell the approach of a tremendous crisis. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I hold it morally certain, that unless the principles on which most of the European governments proceed, are modified, the whole fabric of society in Europe will be dissolved. The light of liberty from the West has already shot athwart the ocean, and is now everywhere at work in driving out the darkness of centuries.

Knowledge has commenced her triumphant march through the Universe, lighting liberty on to glory. These glimmerings are the harbinger of a bloody, perhaps, but glorious dawn. Let us hail the succeeding day. The day when Europe, Asia and Africa, shall be disenthralled, regenerated; would that the day were already here; would that this joyous anniversary were ushered in with all the glories of a political millenium, with an eternal emancipation from tyrants and oppression.

For the mighty revolutions which are soon to burst upon us, it becomes us to prepare. Awake to your high destiny. Ere the next generation shall have passed away, you will hear the first blast of the triumph of universal freedom, and shall a world be emancipated without enlisting our sympathies and prayers?

Have we no part to act in these great scenes? We have a fearful part to act! Our country is the pillar of fire to guide all nations through the gloom and peril of revolutions, into the peaceful haven of liberty. But in order to guide others, we ourselves must be right. If virtue and liberty expire here, the world may hail horror and eternal night. Prepare yourselves for action; discipline your minds in time for the arduous duty that awaits you. You are destined to bear the heat and burthen of the day. You are to be the guardians of the liberties of a mighty empire. See to it that you betray not your trust, and when called to aid by your councils, or maintain by your arms the interest of your country, enter upon duty with integrity your breastplate, and independence your motto. Let no seductions of interest, no demons of discord lead you into error, or induce you to abandon for a moment the dear bought privileges of your birthright.

And should the just cause of our country call us to fight over again the battle of Independence, or for Free Trade and Sailors' Rights—or to Canada with Major Downing to fight for a few logs of wood, or even to Mexico with Generals Taylor and Scott, to contend for a larger extension of territory, however much you may deprecate the evils of war, or your natures revolt against the effusion of blood—may you feel as men, as brothers of the same family, as champions of the same liberty, resolved never to sully your manhood by basely avoiding the post of danger, nor forfeit your title to freedom by abandoning the standard you bear; and if ever such a time should arrive, remember for what our fathers fought and bled, and let not the sacred name of liberty be polluted by the frenzy of licentious passions, but be firm and undaunted, and evince to the world who have gazed with admiration at the exploits of our fathers on the field of battle, that you have virtue equal to your courage, and that you are the friends to the friends of humanity. Remember who you are, maintain your high standing, show the spirit of your descent. You are Jersey men—during the perilous contest of the Revolution, none exceeded the “Jersey Blues” in deeds of valor.

In the gloomiest days of that dreadful conflict which tried men's souls, when poverty, sickness and desertion, had almost ruined the cause, who clung to the magnanimous Washington more faithfully than the true sons of Jersey; and when the fate of our land hung on a single blow—that blow was struck in Jersey, at Princeton, and three of the proudest days of America were witnessed here, at Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth, and achieved by the true sons of Jersey. They were the very bravest of the brave. As long as the history of that contest or of the heroes who shared in it, shall live in the annals of fame, so long shall the triumphs of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, be celebrated by a grateful posterity.

If you wish to estimate the value of liberty, only take a view of the Eastern nations, groaning under the yoke of despotic power. Turn your eyes to the common people of England and Ireland. There you behold thousands of active, industrious fathers and mothers clothed in tatters, going supperless to a bed of straw, and their children making a scanty meal upon a potato or a piece of barley bread, while their masters riot in luxury upon their labors, and roll in pomp and splendor. Similar causes in the moral as well as in the natural world, will produce similar effects. A system of government that produces misery and starvation in these devoted Isles, if established in America, would be followed by the same consequences.

Would you wish to labor, tug and toil, and sweat like beasts of burden to support a swarm of tyrannical masters? Would you wish the adoption of such a set of measures that would grind us in the dust and chain us in eternal thralldom—that would extinguish every ray of happiness and shroud our liberties in eternal night? If we wish this state of things, let education be neglected, let ignorance pervade the minds of the people, let discord and luxury, the bane of all Republican Governments, take their place, choose for our rulers men who are enemies to our liberties, and the work is done. Then, like the once flourishing nations of Greece and Rome, we may bid farewell to liberty. This would be signing our death-warrant and

seal the destiny of millions; this would stab our freedom to the heart and consign it to the tomb of oblivion.

Should we thus conduct, should we thus throw away our hard earned liberty, purchased not only with the price of millions of silver and gold, but with the blood of Columbia's noblest sons, the slumbering dust of our ancestors would awake to reprove us; the spirits of our revolutionary martyrs from their celestial abodes, would look down with scorn and contempt upon us; our children would tread with contempt upon the sod that covers us; and posterity heap endless curses on our memories.

If we wish the prosperity of the country that gave us birth, and contains everything dear in life, if we wish to possess the blessings of liberty, and transmit the glorious inheritance to posterity, let the miseries of servitude, and the enchanting picture of our deliverance be placed constantly before our eyes, and our children come to the years of moral instruction.

Let it be the care of every parent to instill into their opening minds the nobler principles of virtue and freedom. Let us remember that we are all citizens of the same common country, embarked in the same ship; and should she split on the rock of division, our ruin would be inevitable.

Let our glorious Constitution, the bulwark of our freedom, the *magna charta* of our rights, the sacred palladium of our liberty, be the polar star of our political conduct.

May our glorious Constitution, while it protects our freedom from the unhallowed ravages of tyranny, remain an unshaken bulwark against the destructive fury of faction.

A house divided against itself cannot stand; a country divided will fall into ruins. As members of the same great family, let us be united like a band of brothers; let the hallowed flame of liberty and patriotism glow within our bosoms; then shall we have nothing to fear from within or without; then will America flourish like the garden of Eden, and become a name and a praise in the earth; then the glorious inheritance of freedom will descend to posterity, and millions rise up and call us blessed.

And now let us appeal to the God of Sabbath, *i. e.*, the God of armies—to him who holds the balance, and weighs the events of battles and of realms, whose eye measures the universe, and whose bountiful hand imparts to us all our blessings, in endless profusion, for by his decision must we abide.

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